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CLIVUS.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES

IN

LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE.

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ETON COLLEGE PRESS : WILLIAMS AND SON.

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CLIVUS.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES

IN

LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE.

PART II.

COMPILED BY

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Assistant Master in Eton College.

"Clivo sudamus in imo."

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PREFACE.

The Exercises in Part II are intended to be done with the Tutor, who will supply such additional help as may be found necessary, and will prevent the learner from being misled by the English-Latin Dictionary. For convenience sake the versions from English poetry have been placed after the original Exercises, but some of the former will probably be found easier for beginners than the latter.

The "Verse Rules for Beginners," prefixed to these Exercises, were drawn up by a former Eton Master, who has kindly allowed the compiler to use them. They are occasionally referred to in the Exercises; but the beginner should be taught to consult them very frequently, especially in doing the verses from "Ideas."

The compiler would be glad of any suggestions for the improvement of the book, particularly where the experience of others leads them to think that more or that less help is required.

A. C. A.

ETON: *March*, 1879.

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VERSE RULES FOR BEGINNERS.

1. Use transitive verbs:

e.g. "The sun rises."

Express this by—"the sun lifts his head,"

or by—"the sun shows his face."

"Flowers bloom."

Express this by—"shed odours" or "spread petals."

"There is a country called Germany."

Express this by—"Germany stretches plains."

2. Find words ending with short vowels to put last but one in the verse. For this purpose turn singulars into plurals; use *bella* for "war," *regna* for "kingdom."

3. Use adjectives for adverbs:

For "the soldier cruelly burns houses,"

say "the cruel soldier burns houses."

4. Use the vocative with "you," for the nominative:

For "Winter brings snow,"

say "you, oh winter, bring snow."

5. Use an adjective for a genitive:

For "the hair of Apollo," Crīnis Apollĭneus,

say "the rage of winter," Ira hiĕmālis.

6. Use the ablative absolute for the sake of the short vowels; as, "They yield, routed by the enemy,"

cēdunt hoste fŭgante.

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7. Use infinitives: for "he kills the runaways,"

say "he hastens / delights } to kill the runaways."

8. Use two verbs for one, so as to use *quĕ* for the sake of scanning;

as, "he attacks the lion," vexat terretque leonem;

"he inflicts wounds," vulnĕra datque ĭtĕratque.

Use two substantives for one: express *home* by tecta fŏcusque.

9. Use neuter plural adjectives without substantives;

as, "Grāta cănit," instead of "carmina grāta cănit."

"He utters dreadful threats," dira mĭnatur.

10. Use superlatives for positives; as, dulcissimus for "dear."

11. Use participles for adjectives; as candentia līlia for candida līlia.

12. Go into particulars or details:

for "trees" say "beeches or oaks;"

for "birds" say "thrushes," or "blackbirds" if you are writing of song-birds.

13. Turn a plural into a singular:

as, "the hunter pursues the fox,"

for "hunters pursue foxes;"

for "Nymphs play" say "ludit plurima Nympha."

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14. Use mythological proper names for abstract words;

as, Mnēmŏsўnē for mĕmŏrĭa; Nĕmĕsis for vengeance; Euphrŏsўne for mirth; and the like.

15. Ask yourself these questions, when you have to make a statement:

Quid, quis, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?

For instance, if you have to say "Jupiter thunders" ask yourself "why does he thunder?" Answer, "being angry."

"Where does he thunder?" "from the sky."

"When does he thunder?" "at noon," or "when the Giants rebel."

"What does he throw?" "thunderbolts."

"How, by what help?" { "with red right hand," / "bolts made by Vulcan."

16. When you have once mentioned a person, then the next time you have to speak of him, do not say *ille* or *illum* or *illius*, much less *is* or *eum* or *ejus*, but use some adjective or participle to represent him, and omit *him*, &c.

"Cacus stole cows. Hercules smote the wretched [Cacus.]

"Dido loved Æneas: he forsook [her] weeping or [her] deceived.

"Arethusa fled from Alpheus: the river god pursues the footsteps of [her] running."

17. When you have a nominative case that will not help you to a dactyl put something in apposition with it. Suppose

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you have to say "Satyrs dance," say "Sătўri, turba jŏcōsa," and find a phrase for "dance."

18. Instead of the present infinitive you may sometimes use the perfect infinitive, as succŭbŭisse for succumbĕre, or you may add posse or velle, as "gaudet luděre posse" for "gaudet ludere," "dŏcet velle lūděre" for "dŏcet lūděre."

19. Instead of a set of substantives, one hanging on the other, you may use two or more substantives simply coupled by *et* or *que*, as "ara et dona," for offerings on an altar.

This is necessary in Lyrics: they cannot be done without frequent use of what is called Hendiadys.

20. Use interrogatives instead of making plain statements: for "every shore is wet with our blood" say "what shore is without our blood?"

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ELISION.

In using Part I of this Book you were told to avoid Elision altogether. (See Part I, page xi.)

In the following Exercises it may occur sometimes, *i.e.*, the final vowel of one word, or final syllable ending in "m" may be "elided" or "cut off" before the succeeding word, if it begins with a vowel.

In Elegiac verses Elision ought not to occur on the average more than once in every ten lines.

Examples of Elision are here given.

1. Elision of short vowels:

"Ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare *nĕcēsse ēst.*"

"Læserat, et falsi criminis acta *rĕa ēst.*"

N.B. The above are instances of the commonest use of Elision, *viz.*, in the 6th foot with "est."

"Quid nisi *nōtĭtĭa ēst* misero quæsita pudori."

"Pergama vix tanto *tĭbi ĕrānt* repetenda labore."

"Ut pelago *suadēnte ĕtĭam* retinacula solvas."

"I nunc *tōlle ănĭmos* et fortia gesta recense."

"Me quoque cum multis sed me sine *crīmĭne ămasti.*"

N.B. The last instance (Elision in the 5th foot) is rare and not to be imitated.

"Simpliciter positæ *scēnă sĭne ārtĕ* fuit."

"Silvaque montanas *ōccŭlĕre āptă* feras."

"Quis scit an hæc sævas tigridas *īnsŭla hăbet.*"

N.B. All these are very rare and the last is on no account to be imitated.

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2. Elision of syllables ending in "m:"

"Leniter ex merito quidquid patiārĕ *fĕrēndum ēst.*"

"Hōc *īpsum, īngrātus* quod potes esse, *mĕum ēst.*"

N.B. Observe the commonest use of Elision, at the end of the line.

"Quīd *tĭmĕam īgnōro;* timeo tamen omnia demens."

"*Scīrem ŭbĭ* pugnares, et tantum bella timerem."

"Lux quoque *tēcum ălbĭit,* tenebrisque exsanguis obortis."

"Dīgnăqŭe *sum ēt cŭpĭo* fieri matrona potentis."

N.B. The last instance (Elision of a monosyllable) is rare and not to be imitated.

3. Elision of long vowels. Rare, and to be avoided as much as possible:

"Sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera *cērte ēst.*"

"Hostibus e mediis nupta petenda *vĭro ēst.*"

"Ūt *vīdi ūt pĕrĭi* nec notis ignibus arsi."

"*Ērgo ĕgŏ* nec lacrimas matris moritura videbo."

"Lamina mollis adhūc *tĕnĕro ēst īn* lacte quod *īntro ēst.*"

"Num minus hic *tōto ēst* altior orbe cinis."

"*Quāndo ĕrĭt* ut condas instar Carthaginis urbem."

N.B. Never elide syllables ending in "u" or in diphthongs.

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NOTICE.

The figures in brackets at the end of some of the lines refer to the Rules at the beginning of Part II, but you must get into the habit of consulting these Rules very frequently, whether you are referred to them or not.

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μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις.

It was night: darkness veiled all places:
slumber soothed men's weary hearts.
I myself was resting, when a sound came to my ears,
as a hand struck my closed doors.
I cried, "Who is trying to disturb my sleep?"
"Open the door to a boy," says a boyish voice.
"Open the door to a boy wandering in the night:
the moon gives no light: the storm rages."
I leap from bed: I seize and light a lamp:
I do not hesitate to undo the bars.
I see a boy whose hand bears a bow:
the quiver on his back is full of arrows.
I place him before the hearth: the fire warms his limbs:
pressed by my hand the water flows from his hair.
Gradually cold abates: warmth returns:
strength *comes back to*[1] limbs, colour to cheeks.
"The bowstring is wet with rain: I will try at once," he says,
"whether it can send a dart as before."
Forthwith the cruel boy bends his bow
and the arrow flies through my heart.
He leaps up, and claps his hands, and with saucy laugh
he bids me be a sharer of his joy.
"Safe is my bow," he cries, "and safe my arrows;
this the pain in your heart can teach you."

---

1. repeto.

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κώνωψ καὶ λέων.

The gnat attacks the lion with laughter and jest,
and denies that he fears the forest king.
"What is your strength," he says, "what your great power?
You tear your prey with tooth and nail.
Thus an angry wife assails her husband,
and adds wounds to threats.
You can conquer beasts: the woods you control
with your might: can you conquer a gnat?
If you please, let us leave words and try blows;
one battle *is worth*[1] more than countless threats."
Full of hope, and elated by an empty mind,
the gnat begins the war with voice of trumpet. (2)
Before the entrance of his cave the king of beasts
lies, and fears no danger. (2)
Part of his face was exposed, unprotected by hairs:
here the enemy wounds him with his lance.
In vain he roars: in vain he plies his nails:
his arms hurt himself more than the gnat.
The insect exults, proud of its triumph,
and seeks new wars, having conquered the lion.
Not far off a spider was weaving its web;
and, as it flies, *the gnat is caught in the web.*[2]
Dying it complains, "I could conquer a lion,
but I perish slain by an unworthy foe."

---

1. valeo. 2. convert.

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PARNASSUS.

Where Greece raises its mountains,
one peak stands higher than all.
Grass and olives clothe the slopes,
the rocks above are bare.
Here the Castalian spring sends forth its streams,
here flows a vein of sacred water.
They say that the Muses dwell here:
religion hallows the spot.
Mortal eyes cannot see them,
while here the holy band dances. (1)
In the midst stands Apollo, crowned with a garland,
his hand holds the lyre.
He strikes the strings: through rocks and woods
the sound flows, as Phœbus plays.
At these strains all Nature is silent;
birds sing no songs, and beasts are still.
Meanwhile the Muses stand around
and listen to the music which their lord makes.
Afar off the shepherd hears the divine sounds
and offers prayers to the prophetic god.
Let us too cultivate songs and melody;
let it be our care to celebrate the Aonian band.
Whoever loves the Muses lives a happy life
and fears not fate nor change.

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NEMO SUA SORTE CONTENTUS VIVIT.

How rarely the gods give a contented mind:
that which you have not, you always wish to have.
If the sky is cloudless and the sun hot,
forthwith the farmer wants rain. (4)
When showers descend from the clouds
he complains that the sunlight has perished.
The soldier tired with campaigning, tired with contest,
praises the wealth which the trader has, (8)
whose ships come back from Eastern seas,
who can scarcely count his riches.
The merchant says, "The soldier's lot is happiest" (4)
when the storm is tossing his ship.
"He is not forced to ply continual labours:
a short hour brings death or glory."
So the boy is unwilling to obey, (15)
and wishes to become a man before his time.
But the man, worn out with care, (8)
would willingly renew past days.
He envies boys: he longs again for boyish
occupations: he cannot bear grey hairs.
But this is not lawful: no one can delay,
no one can hasten the wheels of time.
Learn, as a man, to bear a man's cares stoutly:
learn, as a boy, to do a boy's duty.

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ROMA.

To great things there is often a small origin,
and glory comes with slow foot.
The oak, which defies the storm,
once could be concealed in the acorn.
And Roma, which gave laws to a conquered world,
was once a village of unknown name.
Romulus with his brother is borne on Tiber's stream;
Mars saves his sons; the she-wolf gives them food.
The boys grow: the new walls rise:
but many enemies, many dangers oppress them.
See! where Porsenna's standards gleam,
and Rome conquered *yields*[1] to Porsenna.
See! how Pyrrhus comes fierce with Greek soldiery,
and the Indian land sends unknown beasts.
Now the Gauls descend from the Alps,
and Allia flows red with blood.
Rome falls: fire overpowers it:
Rome, born again, rears its head.
Soon she makes war on Tyrian settlers,
till exiled Hannibal bewails his lost power.
She extends her borders to the *west*,[2] she extends them to the *east*,[3]
the Greek land, the *Spanish*[4] land bears the yoke.
At length she reaches the Chinese and the Britons,
the bounds of the world are the bounds of her empire.

---

1. dare manus. 2. occasus. 3. ortus. 4. Iberus.

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NON OMNIS MORIAR.

Whoever wishes to celebrate the triumphs of kings
strikes the strings of a high sounding lyre.
He too tries to pour forth a mighty strain
who recounts the laurels and deeds of generals.
But he whose task it is to tell of poets,
he seeks yet nobler songs:
for generals' deeds and kings' glories perish;
but the poet's name lives for ever.
His fame is more lasting than bronze,
higher than temples or site of pyramids.
Not rain nor wind can hurt it:
nor the tempest destructive to ships.
Years glide by; but in gliding years
the poet's praise flourishes uninjured.
Others perish: when others perish, together
perishes their fame, nor can survive the tomb.
But the poet is able to despise death;
brighter lives his honour, when his body is destroyed.
His writings are carried through the world;
they cross the waters of the sea.
What age will not know Homer,
or him who was the glory of the Italian race?
And *the English*[1] can praise their own poet,
than whom there has been none greater in the world.

---

1. Angligenæ.

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SOMNUS.

O sleep, dearest alike to men, alike to gods,
to no one are thy gifts not pleasing.
When darkness overspreads the earth,
and stars succeed to sun,
the time of your reign returns,
you hold the earth beneath your sway.
The infant sleeps in mother's arms,
no dreams disturb him.
You too can soothe the cares of old age;
you come more gently as life fails.
The soldier, when the contest is ended,
stretches his weary limbs on the ground.
Sometimes in sleep he seems to renew the fight,
and fancies that the trumpets sound in his ear.
The sailor sleeps in narrow couch,
which wind and wave toss.
Even he who languishes in prison
can lay aside his troubles for awhile. (18)
In truth they live under an unlucky star,
whose prayers you reject with deaf ear.
Without you luxury and soft couches are worthless:
without you nought avail the gifts of Plutus.
But a mind conscious of guilt desires you in vain,
and cannot win peaceful repose.

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ACHILLES APUD SCYRON.

Greece prepares war and girds on armour,
in order that Troy may fall.
The bands assemble: but where does Achilles loiter?
without him Troy cannot be taken.
Ulysses seeks the absent one through Greek cities,
but cannot find the Thessalian prince.
When at length he had traversed many shores in vain,
he detects the hero by cunning art.
He comes to Scyros: he brings gifts for maidens,
and merchandise, such as woman loves.
He shews purple garments, marvels of the loom;
the maiden band stands voiceless.
Suddenly he displays a coat of mail and a helmet;
one girl leaping forward seizes them.
The cunning merchant recognizes Achilles:
the prince himself is betrayed by his own evidence.
Here he lay hid in woman's dress:
his huge hand used to ply woman's work.
Here he learnt the loom and the tasks of Minerva,
that he might escape death at his mother's bidding.
For oracles had given her son a short life,
and his fate was fixed by the law of the gods:
"At home you shall live inglorious,
or at Troy you shall fall full of honour."

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οὐδέποτε κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπόλλυται.

I will not praise him, whosoever in the palæstra
gains prizes by foot or by hand,
not even if he is able to outstrip Boreas,
or has arms such as Polyphemus (had),
nor if he can surpass the beauty of Tithonus
and outdo thy riches, O Crœsus,
or possess greater kingdoms than a Persian monarch,
or can move men's hearts by his eloquence,
if valour be wanting to him and boldness in fight,
which teaches the noble to die at their *post*.[1]
Valour is the noblest part of man:
seek honour in life or death;
for if one perishes, standing in the first rank,
and receives many wounds *in front*,[2]
him young and old alike lament:
by his death he can ennoble his race.
But if one returns safe from the contest,
what garlands of fame crown his head!
His citizens greet him with applause and song:
no envious tongue carps at his praise:
he gets applause in the council and applause in the theatre:
a crowd follows him where'er he goes.
Thus while he lives his fame guards him,
and though he perishes his fame cannot perish.

---

1. statio. 2. adverso pectore.

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DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.

CATO *loquitur*—

"O race of the Romulidæ, venerable order of Senators,
take the last words of an old man.
Soon I shall die: already I am weighed down with years:
my tongue will no more pour out its warnings.
The care of Rome's safety is committed to you:
learn, then, to follow my orders.
There stands a city on the Libyan shore,
a city ever hostile to Romans.
Shall I speak of Hannibal, who led standards over the Alps,
and ravaged the wealth of Italy?
Shall I recall Cannæ, and the slaughter of my countrymen,
the broken squadrons, the general's death?
Let Carthage perish, and let the plough mark
the place where the lofty walls stand.
I myself, if the buried care for the living,
shall feel great joy on that day.
Lately sent as ambassador to that hated shore,
I was able to see the wealth of the Tyrian race.
I saw great harbours, and fleets prepared;
I saw temples of the gods and marble houses;
I saw too signs of future war,
iron weapons, and bands of men.
Let Carthage perish: only when Carthage is overthrown
will haughty Rome extend her empire."

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ALBUS OLOR.

Wherever a river glides through English fields,
many a swan has its home.
It has long neck with white body: of its beak
part is black, part tinged with yellow hue.
With easy motion it glides along the rivers,
or can force its way against the stream.
It can despise the summer sun's heat,
for its limbs and feet are always wet.
It can find food with very little trouble,
for reed and sedge make its feasts.
It swims hither and thither the lord of the waters.
Who can enjoy a better life?
Moreover, when June brings bright skies,
and the broken eggs have given their brood,
a band of young swans follow their parents,
and learn to get food by like art.
But these do not surpass the snows in whiteness;
grey is the colour of their wings and bodies.
Meanwhile the parents, with anxious mind,
keep watch over their brood.
Whoever approaches is believed to be an enemy
and to be waging war against the tender band.
Spare, O boy, to injure the swans:
so may your piety gain its reward.

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CONJURATI CŒLUM RESCINDERE FRATRES.

Once, if poets tell truth, the giants
dared to make war upon the gods.
They did not hesitate to scale heaven,
nor to attack Jupiter.
Mountains placed on mountains touch the skies;
Ossa trembles, torn from its foundations.
Huge[1] bands assemble,
the brood which earth produced.
Here Encleadus brandishes mighty weapons;
there Typhon breathes fire.
Here the twin brethren ply their arms;
Ōtus brings aid to the strength *of Ephialtes.*[2]
But what could force avail, what could strong arms,
what could huge bodies against heavenly gods?
Divine wisdom protects its own abode,
nor fears a thousand foes, a thousand dangers.
Jupiter hurls thunderbolts, Apollo shoots
arrows, Minerva rages.
The impious band perishes, reduced to ashes;
yet a few signs of the war still remain.
As often as Ignorance raises her head
and will not submit to the yoke of Learning,
so often a new brood of Giants rises,
and wishes once more to scale the realms of heaven.

---

1. translate by abl. of quality. 2. adj. Ĕphĭaltēus.

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ULYSSES IN OGYGIA.

On the shore sits the Greek leader
and looks forth on the depths of the sea.
His eyes are full of tears,
signs of grief are in his face.
He was an exile from his country, and for long years
he desired his home in vain:
for the nymph Calypso detained him against his will,
while love burned her breast.
Yet in silent heart he still kept cherishing
hope of return—hope ever remains the last.
He recalls his old companions and his home;
his wife and son come to his mind.
Then, stretching out his hands to heaven,
he uttered prayers for Jupiter to hear:
"Great Jupiter, who rulest heaven,
receive my prayers with kind face.
Enough already an exile in foreign shores,
I have borne many dangers of land, many of sea;
and if crimes have defiled my life,
it is now time to end my punishment.
Grant to me again to see my kingdom and companions,
and to rest my limbs on my native soil;
or if the cruel fates refuse me return,
let death end my grief without delay."

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PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

HELENA *loquitur*—

"I can see the other leaders and kings
whom Greece sent to war for my sake.
I recognize their arms, their crests, and shields:
their names are well known to my lips.
Conspicuous among the chiefs I see Agamemnon,
whose authority the Greek host obeys.
There is Ulysses, good in counsel and in fight;
there is Ajax and Idomeneus. (1)
But there are two whom my eyes seek in vain:
with Castor his brother Pollux is absent.
They formerly called me sister:
one mother bore us; one home reared us.
Did they not enter the Greek ships,
nor sail across the Ægean?
Or do the tents now conceal them,
avoiding men's eyes and converse,
because they fear reproaches and spiteful tongues,
and their sister makes them blush?"
Thus she spake, ignorant of fate:
she bewails as absent those who have perished.
Formerly they grieved for their lost sister;
but death brought an end to their sorrow.
Sparta bore them: Sparta nurtured their youth:
Sparta gave them a home when dead.

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Ἀτρεΐδην δε καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀκούετε.

Agamemnon returns victorious from Troy;
he brings back captives and spoils.
Swiftly sails the ship;
near Argive shore they furl the sails.
Again he stands on native soil;
a joyful band follows a joyful leader.
O king, trust not prosperity too much!
you know not what the fates are preparing.
The perjured wife is here, her husband's enemy:
with the partner of her guilt she prepares awful deeds.
The messenger flames tell the fall of Troy;
forthwith *they essay*[1] crimes and plots.
They receive the monarch with feigned look:
they burn torches and make ready feasts.
While wine flows and harps sound,
he perishes by sword of treacherous wife.
Punishment follows the crime, though the avenger be slow:
such deeds do not escape the gods.
Orestes comes back from foreign land:
his heart is firm; his arms are strong.
Ægisthus falls in well-deserved death:
the mother herself falls by her son's sword.
The same deed deserves praise and punishment: Orestes
vainly wishes to escape the avenging goddesses. (18)

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1. moveo.

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XENOPHON SUOS HORTATUR.

Though our generals have perished by fraud,
though a treacherous foe blocks our path,
hope remains, comrades, in the midst of dangers:
hope cannot desert Greek hearts.
The gods hate perfidy and fraud:
a guilty hand cannot please them.
Those they protect, those they make happy
whose faith remains unstained.
Shall we fear these unwarlike bands,
we whose hearts throb with Greek blood?
Recall to mind the deeds of your parents,
deeds to be commemorated for many a day.
Where the Ægean washes shores of Marathon,
the earth was red with Persian slaughter;
where Salamis shines near sacred Athens,
the Persian fleet spreads sails in flight.
Of such sires you are the sons:
your father's valour remains to you.
Our own right hand will procure our safety:
the foe will fly as formerly he fled.
But if it is our fate to die in a foreign land,
at all events no *ignoble*[1] death awaits us.
This is better than to serve a tyrant,
and bow free necks to the yoke.

---

1. inhonestus.

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PHAROS.

In the midst of the waves stands a rock
which the sea beats.
It is desolate and bare:
only sea-weed clings to it.
Seldom does the sea-bird light on it
when its wing is weary.
Alas! how often the ill-fated ship,
making a doubtful course through the darkness,
unawares has rushed upon the rock,
and perished amid the waves.
But now on the rock rises a tower,
a house built in solid stone.
It mocks the fury of wind and wave;
it stands firm in its own strength.
From the top flashes forth a lamp,
when it is night.
That spark conquers the darkness
and throws its rays over the waters.
And that the mariner may avoid danger
the torch gives its warning.
Nor does it only avert ruin,
it guides his path with its light.
Thus the dangerous rock becomes a cause of safety,
and good springs out of evil.

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AQUÆ DUCTUS.

Amidst Alban or Sabine hills
sleeps the peaceful lake:
showers feed it from summer clouds,
and liquid snows at Spring's bidding.
High above it flies Jove's bird, the eagle;
the chamois drinks from its waters.
Seldom hither the shepherd bends his footsteps,
unless he seeks a lost sheep.
The stainless waters reflect the sun,
everywhere is peace and quiet.
How is its lot changed when, at Rome's bidding,
the water leaves its ancient home!
Arches rise: *the line*[1] traverses the plains:
a river flows led by art of man.
Now it enters the city gates and the din of Rome:
it learns to perform new duties.
It tempers the rich man's wine:
it quenches the beggar's thirst:
it flows from mouth of marble lion:
it washes weary limbs.
It has lost its old home, its old repose;
but it brings more useful gifts to men.
Thus to the boy are granted peace and tranquil joys:
care and constant toil await the man.

---

1. ordo.

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NONÆ DECEMBRES. (Horace—Odes, iii. 18.)

The year has almost finished its course;
the day sacred to Faunus has returned.
To-day it is not lawful to work
or to till the ground.
Lay aside the hoe and the spade;
let the weary ox enjoy rest.
Do ye, O matrons, put on festal robes,
and after old custom worship the god.
Come forth to the dance, ye garlanded maidens;
ye young men, celebrate the day.
Sing the praises of Faunus with clear voice;
let the *ditcher*[1] strike the ground with his foot.
Meanwhile the old men will gaze
as they sit and drink their wine.
Among these games and joyful dances
you may fancy the golden age returning, (2)
when the wolf wanders *harmless*[2] amid the lambs,
and the serpent has no poison. (2)
The rivers run with milk and wine;
honey of its own accord drops from the tree.
If to you, O Faunus, we pay due honour,
if your altar smokes with incense,
may you go propitiously through our fields,
and spare to injure the tender flock.

---

1. fossor. 2. sine fraude.

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ὡς οὐδὲν γλυκίον ἧς πατρίδος.

There are many lands which the sun traverses,
but only one fatherland for a man.
This land, wherever he wanders,
never falls from his forgetful heart.
Sometimes poverty and desire of gain
bids him leave his country.
He seeks Southern lands across the sea;
he prepares himself a new home,
he feeds sheep, or hews down trees:
by labour he gains wealth.
Hope animates him, hope fills his heart
while he recalls his home.
Thither, if the fates are kind, he will return
to spend his last days.
So too the soldier beneath Indian sun,
who gives laws to a conquered race,
hopes for glory and renown,
the rewards which await him at home.
He recalls beloved places, the abodes of his father;
in mind he sees the spots he knew as a boy:
he recalls the boyish games, the boyish tasks,
where the fields are green, where the river rolls.
Lands and seas divide Britons,
but one bond unites them all.

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QUORUM PLAUSTRA VAGAS RITE TRAHUNT DOMOS.

GIPSIES.

When Summer brings back heat,
when the day is longer and brighter,
the Nŏmădes leave cities and abodes of men,
to renew their wonted journeys.
Wagons carry their wives and children,
wagons carry their riches and small household-gods.
At day-break they begin to roam the country:
night and darkness bid them stop.
Then near the borders of a wood,
or where heather clothes the ground,
for a while they halt and stay their course,
and yokes are taken from wearied horses.
Smoke rises from boughs picked up around:
they prepare supper in simple fashion.
Thus they pass their lives after the manner of their sires,
and get small gains by much toil.
Some shake cymbals and dance;
others strike the harp strings.
Some try to delude you with painted cards,
where the skilful hand deceives the eye.
Moreover, unless rumour tells lies,
it often pleases them to take what does not belong to them.
Their dresses are ragged: they speak hoarsely:
their sunburnt faces are red.

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ARISTODEMUS THERMOPYLARUM SUPERSTES.

Where rocks surround the path
and Œta looks down on the sea,
my comrades lie slain,
my king fell killed by a Persian foe.
I alone survive that slaughter,
me alone the fates forbade to die:
forsooth that returning to my native land
I might bear things more pitiful than death.
My own countrymen hate my name;
in my own city I am an exile.
No banquet receives me,
no god's altar lets me approach.
Tongues are silent when I draw near;
or, if not silent, they speak words of reproach:
"Lo! the man who could prefer safety to honour!
he would not die, when Sparta bade.
His comrades sought a glorious death through wounds:
he is not ashamed *to have fled.*"[1]
Hear my prayers, ye heavenly deities;
grant me thy aid, O Jupiter!
Give to me again to meet the Persians,
again to bear arms against the foe.
I cannot hope to win honour;
but death will be the end of my disgrace.

---

1. terga dare.

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QUO MULTÆ MAGNÆQUE SECANTUR JUDICE LITES.

When lions have slain a heifer,
or have torn asunder a doe,
at once a new cause of battle arises,
nor are they willing to share the prey.
They fight one another with tooth and claw,
and the conqueror has the share of the conquered.
For no other reason men wage war,
and fields are red with bloodshed,
and the wife bewails her husband,
and the mother her son.
The deadly lust of gain sharpens swords,
and bids the marshalled lines to fight.
Everywhere Bellona rages,
and white-robed Peace flies away.
Does then the human race excel the lions?
Do we act better than wild beasts?
Cannot we decide quarrels without bloodshed,
and allow peace and justice to be worshipped?
Surely the voice of an upright judge
is better than the sound of the trumpet.
Thus let concord join great nations;
let Themis reign, having driven Mars away.
So may England flourish,
and the race sprung from English stock.

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FAMA.

Why do mortals seek fame?
Why does glory attract us?
Why does the soldier brave the combat?
Why does the sailor encounter the storm?
See! how the traveller roams the earth
and spots untrodden by human foot.
Nor less does the wise man toil
whose mind glows with fire of learning.
What desire stimulates them all?
What rewards do they wish to gain?
Is it that, while they are borne in triumphal car,
laurel garlands may surround the head?
Do they seek riches, or the applause of the people?
Do they desire statues in solid bronze?
Not so: the mind desires better triumphs:
a true love of praise seeks nobler things.
Garlands will fade and laurel crowns
will fall, and statues do not last for ever.
The applause of the people ends with the sound;
riches cannot survive death.
But the gifts thou hast given to the human race,
these gifts remain when death overwhelms thee.
This is the true fame which one ought to seek:
all else perishes: this flourishes unstained.

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OCCIDIT, OCCIDIT.

Still the sky is bright, (15)
still the waves are blue, (1)
still the air breathes odours,
and the bee sucks honey.
Hymettus still rears its head,
and Ilissus rolls its waters;
but the servile yoke constrains our fatherland,
the glory of the race of Cecrops departs. (5)
An enemy's fleet rules in our waters,
and enters our harbours, unprohibited. (6)
The walls fall, which in our fathers' time
could safely scorn an enemy's threats, (3) (5)
while Spartan altars smoke with incense
and the Spartan flute sounds.
We see the Acropolis shining on its rock:
we see the marble abodes of the gods.
There stands Pallas with uplifted spear,
ready to fight for her people.
But the goddess' protection avails nought:
she *has the heart*[1] to desert us. (18)
From that rock you can see Marathon
and places which witnessed the Persian rout.
Then the Cēcrŏpĭdæ broke the chains *of the Greeks*:[2]
now Greece links chains for the Cecropidæ.

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1. sustineo. 2. dative.

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QUID PETITUR SACRIS NISI TANTUM FAMA POETIS?

Kings wage war
that they may extend their kingdoms.
For this thousands perish
and thousands are enslaved.
Merchants cross the seas
to seek wealth.
They encounter Indian heat
and Arctic snows.
They return rich,
and drink from cups of gold.
The poet cares not for power,
he despises wealth:
yet no king has greater honour,
no rich man greater rewards.
If Apollo favours him,
if the Muse helps him,
he can despise death
and the laws of Pluto.
His limbs are buried,
or his bones are burnt.
But he still lives and will live:
his name flourishes in the mouths of men.
When will men forget Homer?
What day will destroy Virgil's fame?

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RAMIS FELICIBUS ARBOR.

Different trees grow in different lands—you do not find the same in the cold North and the warm South—Britain produces oaks which mock the storm and beeches which give a pleasant shade, or willows on river banks which tell of Spring—on the sunny plains of Gaul grows the olive, whose companion is the vine, the parent of mirth—in Italy the mulberry dots the plain—on mountain top grows the pine which cares not for snow or frost or tempest—why should I sing of limes dear to bees, or poplars?—others may praise the cypress, the myrtle, and the yew—the bay is sacred to Phœbus—Greece loves the palm—to some cedars and figs are dear—the western land boasts its giant trunks—these will never lack poets, but I will celebrate the elms that wave in the fields where as a boy I played.

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MANET SUB JOVE FRIGIDO VENATOR.

Day dawns—the hunter leaves his home—he carries bow and arrows and a sharp knife—behind follow the dogs and expect their masters orders—the dew is still on the grass, the mist on the hill—now he finds tracks of stag—now they follow, master and dogs, over hills and valleys, through thorn and briars—the stag cannot gain his safe retreat—he stands at bay—they pull him down —the knife cuts his throat. Awhile they pause and rest through mid-day heat where heather gives a couch—then the labour is renewed—the wood is surrounded with nets—the boar leaps forth and threatens destruction, and scatters the dogs. Evening approaches—a longer shadow falls—still the hunter does not return home—he presses on though frost hardens the ground, though Boreas blows—he passes the night amid the hills, despising the cold—he forgets wife and children and fireside—love of sport conquers everything.

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CASSANDRA.

Troy echoes with song and dance—'tis the banqueting time—torches burn and conquer the darkness of night—everywhere is peace and prosperity—the temples of the gods rise in marble, the altars smoke with incense. Who is this with pallid face and loosened hair, that beats her breast and utters cries of woe, cries that match ill with the sounds of revelry? It is Cassandra, the prophetess, the king's daughter, who forebodes her country's woes. She can foresee the Greek fires devouring the palaces—the deaths of Hector and Priam—her own slavery—her own doom of blood. She already seems to behold the walls and towers falling, the gods deserting their shrines, the rage of Neoptolemus, the triumph of Agamemnon. But she cannot convince her countrymen: no credit is given to her words. She tells truth but it seems false: she forebodes ruin—they laugh and sing. She deceived the god of prophecy and this was her punishment—to see the future but not to be able to avert it—to recognize the anger of the gods, but not to move them by her prayers.

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MAZEPPA.

Just punishment overtakes the guilty, nor do crimes escape the gods, therefore, to satisfy the vengeance of an injured husband, the youth's bare limbs are bound to the horse—the horse was of Scythian stock—his neck had never felt the yoke—unbroken to the rider's weight—unused to the lash. Indignantly he flies from the stalls, and begins his mad career—swift he crosses the plains—unwearied he climbs the hills—the water of the marsh splashes him—the broad rivers cannot stop him—he outstrips the winds—he snorts—his eyes flash fire—no pause, no rest—he seeks his home—he rushes through the thickest of the woods—he stumbles not on the rocks—darkness does not end his journey—returning day sees him going on. What are Mazeppa's feelings?—despair — aching — thirst — bruised by rocks—torn by briars—he cannot move—he cannot burst the cords that bind him—his eyes close—he prays for death to end his misery.

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TIMON LOQUITUR.

Hail to thee, O Poverty, whose companion is Health—with thee for mistress I have learnt to labour, to do the task which each day brings with it—to till the earth with my spade, and win with my own hand an unbought meal. Such joys Plutus could never give me in the days of my wealth and extravagance, when a hall with marble columns was my home, and many a slave did my bidding—I rose late—I spent the day in idle amusement, the night in banquet and revelry—garlands crowned my brow—I drank from golden cups—my praises were sung by flatterers—each called himself a faithful friend, each uttered lying vows. Then my wealth perished, my treasures fled and the treacherous crowd fled also. Of all who used to take my gifts not one remained to aid me in distress. Therefore leaving cities and tumults I have determined to live peaceful and solitary—my mind heeds not those former friends. I live with fierce wild beasts, myself yet more fierce. Here I can live my own life with none to hinder, here I can pursue with hatred the whole human race.

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VIA FERRATA.

I will not sing of the chariot of Achilles, or the steed of Bellerophon, nor those horses which Rhesus lost with his life, and which Ulysses won, nor even that horse which at Neptune's bidding sprang forth from the cleft earth. Swift were they as the wind, and from their stock came a gallant breed, such as drew the conquering car at Olympia, or Nemea, at Delphi or the Isthmus, or such as the steed that bore Alexander to the wars. But only the rich could possess them—Mæcenas is hurried by costly steeds from Rome to Baiæ or Brundisium, but Horace must make his journey on his mule. Nowadays there is a change. Gold is still powerful—can still purchase for its owner statues, pictures, etc., but for the rich traveller and the poor there is one law, one condition. All alike can traverse the earth more swiftly than the swiftest horse. Fire has combined with water at Vulcan's command; the iron wheel traverses the iron road. No one now takes heed of time or distance—one day sees you amid the smoke of cities, etc., another on Scottish moor or Alpine hill, etc.

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SENECTÆ SEDES.

Far from the turmoil of the city, amid sunny fields, near the river bank, there is an abode dedicated to peace and repose. Here the piety of a former age has bidden to stand a refuge for the old and weary after the storms and conflicts of life. There is no splendour, only cleanliness and simplicity. Higher than the other buildings rises the sacred house of God. There daily vows are paid, daily praises are sung. Small cottages surround it: to each its inmate: in front gardens are bright with flowers and turf. Here they dwell securely, whose strength, broken by years, can no longer sustain toil and struggle. They have no cause to envy the pomp of kings, the wealth of nobles. The thought of past troubles makes their present peace yet more sweet. Books and talk beguile the day, in summer in the sunshine, in winter near the fire. Thus the ship after battle and storm reposes at last in the land-locked harbour. Thus the war-horse or the racer, when old and feeble, crops the grass in the peaceful meadow.

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ELEPHAS CAPTIVUS LOQUITUR.

Why do I prolong a wretched life and suffer an unworthy fate amid English fogs and within the narrow limits of a garden? I was born in the jungles where Ganges washes Indian plains, but yet tender I was torn from thence and placed on ship-board.—I experienced storms and saw the monsters of the deep.—Thence I was brought to this garden, where I perform base duties —with open mouth I catch buns, or whatever boys offer me, or I walk about decked with trappings and carry screaming children.—Not so did my ancestors live, freely wandering and seeking prey. Even when captive they performed no ignoble task, but carried kings—sometimes they learnt war and the sound of the trumpet. Elephants went to Italy, when Pyrrhus led his band thither;—they saw the Romans run away, and trampled their ranks under foot. An elephant carried Hannibal when he descended from the Alps, and changed the suns of Libya for snow and ice.

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ITALIA RECIDIVA.

As after storms of winter and dark days Nature awakes from slumber and raises her head, the earth renews its youth and the fields their colour, the birds put on brighter plumage and build their nests; so Italy at length united and free begins to exalt herself among the nations and to recall her ancient fame. For a long time she was torn asunder by strife and bore the yoke of many tyrants: now at last she obeys one master, one hand holds the sceptre of the whole land. Mountains guard her northern frontier, the sea washes her coasts. She looks forward to greater triumphs than those of Scipio, greater power than that of Cæsar, but let her not desire blood-stained laurels, or fame earned by unjust slaughter. Let her love the arts of peace, teach her sons to handle, as of old, the chisel of the sculptor, to mix the colours of the painter, to strike the poet's lyre— while she hews a way through the recesses of the mountain, and stretches the iron road along her shores, that she may carry into Europe the riches of the East, and unite by a link far distant lands.

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SOCRATES.

Others may tell of painters and poets: others may sing of warriors—the plains of Marathon, or the waves of Salamis—but there is a greater glory than that of the warrior or the bard. The philosopher, the man of spotless life, leaves a brighter example to posterity. He came of no high lineage: he did not wear purple, or drink from gold—he had no beauty of form, no grace such as delights maidens. But he had wisdom, which pierced the secrets of the gods, and scaled the heights of heaven,—he had courage which made him prefer honour to life, either in the rout of battle, or when tyrants bade him act unjustly. Vice and folly were his enemies—against them he fought and won his triumphs. For such a man death had no terrors—he did not quail before the threats of his accusers, the prison, or the hemlock bowl. His friends might weep, but he shed no tear. He could anticipate another life, with better joys and wiser companions, where it would still be possible to search for truth, to refute error. Whether the just man lives or dies, the gods have a care for his welfare.

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NOTICE.

In the following Exercises read the English Poetry through carefully before looking at the hints for turning it into Latin verse. In doing each verse look at the original Poetry as well as the hints given. The hints are intended to suggest ONE *way in which the line* MAY *be done,* NOT *the only way in which it* CAN *be done. Observe that the lines of the original poetry are sometimes inverted in the hints,* e.g., *in the 3rd and 4th lines of the first Exercise.*

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Ode to the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.
Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.
The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.
What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!
O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

John Logan.

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Hail, guest of the grove, than whom none is dearer,
for thou warnest us that Spring is at hand.
Thee, returning, the wood salutes,
by heavenly aid thy seat is prepared.
As soon as thou returnest, beloved guest, with thee
the hour comes which bids the flowers rise.
Again melodies resound amid the thickets,
where birds build their nests. (17)
Lo! the boy, while with careless mind he wanders
to pluck the yellow flowers, Spring's gifts,
hears the double note, which tells of Spring,
and wishes to imitate thy voice with his.
When the pea shines with flower
thou departest an exile from vocal vale:
thou departest an exile: soon thou wilt rejoice in a second Spring,
an annual guest in other lands.
For thee, sweet bird, the wood is always green;
for thee the sky is alway without cloud;
for thee winter never comes, the sad part of the year,
nor does care or grief change thy song.
O! if the fates would give to me to fly with thee!
O! if a joyful wing would aid my way!
Then we might traverse the world yearly,
while we follow in sure track the path of Spring.

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The Child's First Grief.

"Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!
The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"
"He could not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see."
"And has he left his birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"

Felicia Hemans.

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" My brother is away: call him back, mother,
games please not without my brother.
June brings back bees and flowers;
but I cannot play: my brother is away.
Where the sunbeam glitters with shining track
the butterfly flies with many-coloured wing.
Let the butterfly fly safely for me;
I will not follow it if my brother accompanies me not.
Where in the midst of the garden stands the tree,
all care *is wanting*[1] to our flowers.
Our vine can scarce support its bunches:
why hesitate to call my brother back?"
" Dear boy, he cannot hear thee calling:
he is gone: he may not return. (18)
That face which smiled, as if with spring light,
will not again be *seen*[2] on earth."
" Has he then left his flowers and birds?
and will the words of me calling be vain?
And through all the long hours of summer time
cannot my brother approach me again?
Where the brook flows, where the valley is green,
it will not be given *to make*[3] our way together again.
Would that, *when*[4] my brother played with me,
there had been fuller love in my heart!"

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1. abesse. 2. gerundive. 3. duco. 4. quo tempore.

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The Maid of Toro.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"
All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.
"O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

Scott.

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The sun with slanting light tinges the lake,
the dark wood gives back the whispering *winds*,[1]
while a fair maiden, overwhelmed by grief,
gives tears to the waters,—sighs as the breeze sighs.
"Does any one from heaven see me complaining?
Can my prayers reach the gods?
Give back my lover: pity my grief:
if the fates deny me this, bid me die!"
While she speaks the murmurs of battle were rising:
the breeze now doubles, now snatches away the sounds.
Soon nearer and nearer the sound of the tumult increases:
drum mixed with trumpets fill the air.
With failing eye she looked on the woods:
she sees a man approach slow with wounds.
Blood streaming forth marks his footsteps:
his face was sad, his helmet being broken.
"Our men are flying: the maiden's guardian has perished:
fly thou quickly, while the hour permits.
On the plain thy lover lies slain:
swift through the wood the foe approaches."
Scarce could his tongue utter the sad words:
scarce does she listen to the sounds.
And when the sun sank in the waters of the lake,
one death holds the two lovers.

---

1. notus.

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Cupid.

There was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May.
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow;
And in blossomed vale and grove
Every shepherd knelt to love.
But that time is gone and past,
Can the summer always last?
And the swains are wiser grown,
And the heart is turned to stone,
And the maiden's rose may wither,
Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.
But another Cupid's come,
With a brow of care and gloom:
Fixed upon the earthly mould,
Thinking of the sullen gold;
In his hand the bow no more,
At his back the household store,
That the bridal gold must buy:
Useless now the smile and sigh:
But he wears the pinion still,
Flying at the sight of ill.

Croly.

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There was once a gentle time, a peaceful age,
when there was newness to earth and sons of earth.
Every month smiled with the bloom of May,
every day brought daily festivals.
Then wherever Cupid, borne on purple wings,
carried his bow and his arrows,
either in shady grove or blooming valley,
he held the shepherds beneath his sway.
But those ages have fled from the earth:
can the summer always be present?
A wiser age takes the place of their ancestors:
breasts are harder than stone.
For Cupid has fled without a witness:
let the rose wither on the maiden's cheeks.
Another Cupid has come with changed brow,
on which sits care and anxiety.
He cares for earthly gifts alone:
Gold[1] alone can please him.
No longer he carries bow and quiver:
he carries sordid *wares*[2] and the riches of the house.
Not by smile or sigh you may catch a husband:
a bridegroom will only be bought by riches.
Yet the god is still winged, though he has laid aside the rest:
if fortune threatens losses, he flies.

---

1. aurea lamna. 2. scruta.

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The Lord my pasture shall prepare.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison.

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For me God Himself shall prepare pasture,
as a shepherd is wont to lead his sheep to feed.
I shall want no gifts when He is present:
I shall be safe while He protects me with watchful eye.
He shall give protection in heat of mid-day:
He shall be a kind guard at mid-night.
If the dry glebe tortures my panting throat;
if I cannot relieve my thirst on the mountain,
where vales are fertile, where meads are dewy
He ever guides my wandering feet,
where green plains extend *widely*,[1]
and rivers cut the green plains.
If I wander where death reigns and where darkness
thrills the heart with fear,
my mind shall be firm and free from fear:
God will stand by me and give help.
I will place my footsteps, stayed upon Thy staff;
I will follow Thee as guide, though the shade be dense.
The way is bare of herbage and bristling with rocks:
alone I stray through devious *wilds*.[2]
Thou with bounteous care shalt supply whatever is wanting:
the barren earth smiles at Thy bidding.
Suddenly arise grass and crowns of flowers,
and waters of fountain give gentle murmurs.

---

1. lato limite. 2. tesqua.

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The Sturdy Rock.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble rock is pearsed at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The oxe doth yield unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer's stroke;
The stately stagge that seems so stoute
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brooke
Is soon deceived by subtle hooke;
Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fall at last and fade away.
There is no thing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.
But Vertue sits triumphing still
Upon her throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death must body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous fame,
But life or death, whatso betides
The state of Vertue never slides.

Marshall.

Digitized by Google

When the sea rages, the rock, however firm,
is often torn asunder by the force of the water;
and marble from Parian rock is gradually hollowed,
when countless drops have fallen from heaven.
In time the bull becomes patient of the plough:
in time the hammer conquers the *steel*.[1]
The stag, who raises his horns in the woods,
sooner or later is about to be the prey of the hounds.
The bird, who cuts the air with swift wing,
perishes by the craft of the fowler. (6)
And the fish, which swims in the glassy river,
undergoes his fate by the trick of the hook.
Man also, the lord of nature, the terror of wild beasts,
to whom all things are wont to yield,
although he has a voice and eloquence of tongue,
is forced to go the way of death.
There is nothing in earth which time will not destroy:
yea![2] even earth and heaven perish.
But Virtue alone sits high on lofty throne,
whose companion is Honour and stainless Faith.
Jealous death kills man's body;
but true glory can survive the grave.
Whatever may happen, in life or in death,
Virtue remains *unshaken*[3] in her own might.

---

1. æs, pl. 2. scilicet. 3. illabefactus.

Digitized by Google

Oh, who will o'er the Downs?

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free,
Oh, who will with me ride;
Oh, who will up and follow me,
To win a blooming bride?
Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me.
I saw her bower at twilight grey,
'Twas guarded safe and sure;
I saw her bower at break of day,
'Twas guarded then no more.
The varlets they were fast asleep,
And none was there to see
The greeting fair that passed there
Between my love and me.
I promised her to come at night
With comrades brave and true;
A gallant band with sword in hand
To break her prison through.
I promised her to come at night,
She's waiting now for me;
And ere the dawn of morning light
I'll set my true love free.

Pearsall.

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Who is willing to cross mountain slopes with me?
who will give rein to horse with me?
who dares unite himself to our band?
A bride will be the reward of our labour.
Her door is shut: to both mother and father
it is a care to hold it fast with a thousand bolts.
But not a thousand bolts, nor closed door shall avail
to keep the lover apart from his mistress.
I saw her *bower*[1] at late evening:
I saw guards watch over the place:
I saw, when morning returned,
that the guards had forsaken their faith.
One sleep was holding all the servants;
nor was another *aware of*[2] my coming.
Another could not see our embraces,
and the thousand kisses I gave my love.
Departing, I said, "You shall see me again at night;
I will come, accompanied by a faithful band. (6)
To all a sword in hand, to all one mind
that the bars of your prison may fall broken."
Such things I promised to my mistress: full of hope and fear
she now awaits my return.
Before Aurora shall shew her first fires,
she shall smile, made free by my hand.

---

1. virginei thalami. 2. conscius.

Digitized by Google

It is not always May.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue bird prophesying Spring.
So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new—the buds, the leaves
That gild the elm trees nodding crest,
And e'en the nest beneath the eaves:
There are no birds in last year's nest.
All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight;
And learn from the sweet heaven above
The melting tenderness of night.
Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May.
Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee this sad truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

Longfellow.

Digitized by Google

The sun shines in the clear sky: the swallow
as it flies pours forth sweet strains.
A sound comes to my ears from the stately elms,
where the blue bird sings the return of Spring.
The river flows with blue windings,
as if it flowed down from the sky itself,
where, while they await the breezes of Zephyrus,
the clouds remain at their *anchorage*.[1]
All things are new: the bud sprouts, and the elm
nods clothed with golden leaves.
The very nest beneath the eaves is bright;
but the birds have forsaken their old home.
Love refreshes all things, and youth refreshes them,
to which return of Spring brings their first joys.
The pleasant light of day can teach them
what tender changes night brings with it.
Maiden, that readest the bard's *artless*[2] songs,
enjoy[3] the day of youth, for it flies;
enjoy the odour of the returning year.
Alas! the May time does not always last. (2)
Time bids you enjoy love and rejoice in youth:
let other things be a care to God.
The hour passes by: as it passes the hour will teach you
that the birds have forsaken their old home.

---

1. statio. 2. arte carens. 3. carpo.

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On Leven's Banks.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

Tobias Smollett.

Digitized by Google

While, O Liris, I might wander on thy banks,
while Love moved the tunes which my pipe uttered,
though happy be the shepherd on Arcadian grass,
I seemed to enjoy a lot more white.
Hail, O stream, in whose glassy water
as a boy I was wont to bathe my limbs!
Not for thee the flood stains pure streams;
not for thee rocks impede course.
But while thou glidest over smooth pebbles
thy water gently murmurs.
Meanwhile with easy motion poised amid the waters
the scaly race, innumerable, cuts its way.
Thy waves roll in *mazy*[1] *track*,[2]
and thy water sent from native lake,
where birch is green, where pine stands,
where hedges in Spring are white with flower.
May there be flocks and joyful herds
where the bank *near*[3] thy waters is green.
Still let girls sing at the milk-pail,
still let the shepherd pipe, as before.
Let *Industry*[4] have limbs brown with toil,
let ancient Faith stand stainless;
and that they may be able to keep the joys they have,
let the farmer's heart be firm, his hand prepared.

---

1. labyrintheus. 2. limes. 3. accola. 4. Sedulitas.

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Lines on March.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.
And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.
Then sing along the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.
Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

W. C. Bryant.

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March has come—March brings showers,
brings clouds and blasts of wind and changes of sky.
I seem to hear afar the tumult of Eurus,
as he traverses the valley where the ground is white.
Thee, O month, and thy rage and thy storms
what poet wishes to celebrate?
But to me, though thy winds are bleak,
no month will ever be more dear.
For to lands which are stiff under Northern sky
the sun returns when you return;
you rejoice to join the joyous band:
you have a name which recalls Spring time.
Sometimes thy winds lull, thy storms are quiet;
sometimes the day shines with summer *splendour*.[1]
The earth renews her beauty; the heaven's
realms shine with blue tint of May.
The rill *gushing-forth*[2] urges its course with song:
the chains of frost are broken.
The stream, leaping downwards from the hills,
begins to roll its waters to the sea.
You bring to us a hope of a coming time
when the earth is warm with sun, is wet with showers,
when the face of things is adorned with marvellous beauty,
as if a ray came from a brighter world.

---

1. honor. 2. exundans.

Digitized by Google

Constancy.

The surge hoarsely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The spray rudely dashing as salt as her tears,
The ships in the offing, perpetually rocking,
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears.
'Twas here, she cried out, that Jack's vows were so many,
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep:
Her heart-whole he swore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.
Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms;
He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakers,
My sailor in safety waft back to my arms.
They are deaf and ungrateful; these woes are too many;
Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep:
Some true lover shall write the sad fate of poor Fanny
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.
Thus, her heart sadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her sorrow, no hope but her grave;
Led on by her grief to the last desperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar saved her life—the fond tale shall please many,
Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall weep:
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had sought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

Dibdin.

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The wave beats the rocks, with salt *spray*[1]
counterfeiting thy tears, O fair Lesbia.
The ships tremble, as the wave moves them;
so tremble hope and fear in her heart.
"Here," she cried, "Amyntas promised so many things:
here I bitterly wept and I bitterly weep.
Here he swore to return with constant heart
where that pine overhangs the waters.
Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers;
ye winds, overpower not my heart with such fear.
He is mine and is yours: to you there is part of my grief:
bring back my sailor safe to me.
They are deaf and ungrateful; these woes are too many;
here will I die, where so often I grieve.
Some[2] lover shall engrave my sad fate
on thy bark, O beloved pine."
Death was her only hope, sorrow her only friend:
wild tumult holds her heart.
Her griefs bid her dare terrible (things):
headlong from the rock she flung herself amid the waves.
A sailor snatched her thence: ye who, lately bewailing her fate,
did shed tears, *cease*[3] to weep, I pray.
Lesbia was safe, whom Amyntas sought,
where the pine overhangs the waters.

---

1. adspergo. 2. nescio quis. 3. mitto.

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The Tears of Scotland. (i)

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.
The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.
The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary Winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Tobias Smollett.

Digitized by Google

Thy banished peace, thy laurels stained with dust
mourn them with tears, O Scottish land.
Thy sons, whose valour was most renowned,
are cast forth slain on native ground.
If the stranger approaches thy roofs, once most kind,
there is no one to offer hospitality.
You only see ruins smoke:
they stand only as monuments of cruelty.
But the lord of the soil sees with piteous face
war ravaging his riches.
He recalls his babes and wife,
and, beating his breast, desires to die.
Thy shepherds are dying on those slopes
where once it was a care to feed their flocks.
Injured maidens vainly shriek:
infants fall by blow of sword.
The shepherd's pipe, the merry lay
shall not again cheer the day.
Nor when Winter brings long darkness
shall wine and dance beguile *the time*.[1]
Only songs sound that testify sorrow:
the dirge shall take the place of joyful strains.
By night the phantoms of the slain shall wander
a ghastly band over thy plains.

---

1. mora.

Digitized by Google

The Tears of Scotland. (ii)

O baneful cause! oh, fatal morn!
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

Tobias Smollett.

Digitized by Google

O cause of evil, *day*[1] most fatal to us!
day destructive to coming ages.
The son waged war against the parent;
the parent stained weapons with blood of son.
At length battle ceased, and fury of battle;
but the rage of the victor demands more.
What is the force of flame, what the violence of sword,
this he teaches the weak and feeble.
The pious mother, doomed to coming death,
moves wandering feet o'er her fields.
Around her head whistles *the bleakness*[2] of the wind:
her offspring, bereft of father, demand food.
No food she has, no shelter, no friend:
she sees the darkness of night approach.
Exposed to[3] the winds and the cruel sky,
she bewails her tender babes and dies herself.
While memory can recall the past, (14)
while the tide of blood fills my veins,
deep anger, contemplating my country's ruin,
shall make my heart swell.
My song shall bewail my country's honour lost,
whatever threats a proud band may utter.
Thy banished peace, thy laurels stained with dust,
mourn them with tears, O Scottish land.

---

1. lux. 2. inclementia. 3. obnoxius.

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Casabianca.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.
The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.
There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!

Felicia Hemans.

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Fire devours the planks: firm in the midst of the fire
stands the boy: his comrades have forsaken the place.
The flame tinges with light the broken ship:
light touches the limbs of men and the boy's head.
The flames rolled on—he would not go
unless his father bade him depart.
That father, whose eyes are fixed in death,
faints and hears not his son's voice.
"Say, father," he exclaims, "I thy son pray thee,
may I depart, having done my duty?"
Only the cannon answer hoarsely,
and the flames shine nearer and nearer.
The fiery breeze reaches his forehead;
the fiery breeze waves his hair.
Yet he remains unmoved at his fatal post:
hope has fled, but his heart is fearless.
The flames wrap the ship in splendour;
the flag falls, the flame seizing it.
Higher rise the flames and *encircle*[1] the boy,
so you may think fiery standards shine.
Suddenly a mighty crash thunders around!
but the boy—ah! in what place is he now?
This perchance the winds may tell thee, while fragments around
they strew amid the waters of the sea.

---

1. corono.

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The Sailor.

That girl who fain would choose a mate
  Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars if fate
  Should splice her to a sailor.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
  The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamond, if diamonds she could eat,
  Would seek her honest sailor.
If she'd be constant, still his heart
  She's sure will never fail her,
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
  Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
  And, absent, does bewail her;
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
  Still faithless to the sailor.
A butcher can provide her prog,
  Three threads to drink, a tailor;
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
  Procured her by her sailor?
She who would such a mate refuse,
  There's something sure must ail her;
Search round, and, if you're wise, you'll choose
  To wed an honest sailor.

Dibdin.

Digitized by Google

That girl, who wishes to mate herself to a husband
whose love can never have changes,
will think herself born under a lucky star,
if the fates bid a sailor wed her.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
to bring back wealth to her.
Nor will gems be wanting if she demand gems;
her sailor will seek and find gems.
If she remain faithful with constant heart,
he will not desert his faith.
Although wide waters separate them,
he keeps the pledges he gave.
If she be false, he remains kind:
her absent he sadly bewails.
For he trusts her, as he is wont to trust the wind:
ah! how often the wind loves to deceive!
If she wish for food, a butcher will give food:
if she wish for cups, here is a tailor.
The food of the butcher, the cups of the tailor *are worthless*[1]
compared with[2] the gifts which a sailor can give.
She who is unwilling to wed such a spouse,
surely some disease subdues her heart:
but for you, if you are wise, while you survey the world,
a sailor will be the best husband of all.

---

1. sordeo. 2. præ.

Digitized by Google

Summer Eve is gone.

Summer eve is gone and passed,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wandered all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!
Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel-string.
I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare;
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name;
Legends of their line there be,
Known to few, but known to me;
If you honour Rokeby's kin,
Take the wandering harper in!

Scott.

Digitized by Google

Evening shining with Summer light has passed;
with Summer dew the ground is wet.
Through the hours of light I have wandered:
bid me not make my way by night.
Ye who have kind hearts of generous blood,
let the *harper*[1] enter your doors.
I cannot bear the contests of war:
bid me not take shield or sword.
By sweet numbers to touch the gentle heart,
this is my strength, this my only art,
as often as the strings resound with magic sweetness,
when a skilful hand touches the lyre.
I have warlike songs, such as a knight demands;
I have such as *may please*[2] the band *of ladies*.[3]
To the infant heir my dirge can give slumber;
I can make the maids' hearts quake.
Dark is the night; long the delay of daylight:
let there be hospitality and rest for me weary.
As many as are born of the line of the Fabii,
I can enumerate all the generals.
There are gallant deeds of former Fabii,
known indeed to few, but well known to me.
If the glory of the Fabian race *is valued*[4] by you,
let the harper enter your doors.

---

1. fidicen. 2. future. 3. adj. 4. in pretio esse.

Digitized by Google

No more shall Meads.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.
The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.
Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear,
If once I leave my Celia dear.
Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

Thomas Carew.

Digitized by Google

No more shall meads be decked with flowers,
nor the rose fill the grove with scent,
nor green buds swell on the tree,
nor warbling birds delight to sing,
nor April restore violets to the woods,
if my love remain not firm, O Celia.
The fish in ocean shall feel unwonted fire;
bitterness shall tinge the fountains' waters:
when the deluge shall cover the highest hills,
the humble oak shall not be wetted;
even Lethe shall lay aside its oblivion,
if, Celia, I can desert my faith.
Love shall his bow and shafts lay by:
thy dove, O Venus, shall be bereft of wings;
the sun shall refuse to shew his light:
one night shall cover all things, day being driven away;
and in that night no star shall appear
if from thee, Celia, thy lover is separated.
Love shall no more inhabit earth,
nor shall lovers seek worthy rewards,
nor shall pleasure dwell in heavenly abode,
nor pain torment the gloomy realms:
death itself shall lay aside terrors,
unless thou art my *darling*,[1] bright Celia.

---

1. deliciæ.

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It is not that my lot is low.

It is not that my lot is low
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.
In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.
Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.
The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!
The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.
Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

Kirke White.

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My eyes are not wet with silent weeping,
because my lot is humble, and cannot follow high things.
It is not grief that bids me heave groans;
but because I pass the time of life alone.
In woods and glens I love to roam,
when, weary husbandman, thou seekest home.
It pleases me *to rest*[1] near the woodland pool,
when pale the star sparkles in the waters.
But as often as, in the tranquil hour of evening,
the air seems to waft *harmonious*[2] sounds,
my changed mind becomes conscious of sorrow,
and grieves the more because it grieves *alone*.[3]
At Autumn's bidding the dry leaf falls from the bough;
the water supports it on its breast.
I would not perish like a dry leaf,
which none is wont to bewail with mindful heart.
The wind with the wood, the wood whispering with the wind,
utter[4] and repeat the like strain.
There is no other to smile to me smiling,
or to weep, if my mind bid me weep.
Yet often in dreams an image comes to me,
whose eyes shine full of love for me.
I start from sleep: as the form flies, comes back
the old[5] pain—I pass the time of life alone.

---

1. cessare. 2. concors. 3. sine teste. 4. dare. 5. ille.

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The Songs of our Fathers. (i)

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar—
The songs our fathers loved!
The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.
The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plumy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

Felicia Hemans.

Digitized by Google

Sing these songs upon the sunny hills
when the day is longer and brighter;
when more and more they catch the gazer's eye,
the shining rills and the blue gleam.
Sing amid the mists of the mountain moor,
where the band of hunters followed the wild beasts.
Hoarse is the torrent; but they may conquer the torrent—
the songs which our fathers honoured.
These amid banquets it pleased them to hear,
when the halls resounded with the harp,
when answering to the voice of the bard,
the weapons fixed on the wall shook.
These songs filled our valleys;
these parent handed on to child.
The husbandman is the heir of his native song,
even as he hears the waters of his native river.
These the reaper sings with joyful breast,
when the rich harvest fills the vale;
these too the woodman, while through *the windings*[1] of the forest
the stars cheer and guide his way.
A sound[2] is returned which seems *to harmonize with*[3] these measures
when the oar strikes the waves,
where the rocks, the bulwarks of our land, rise
and from the rocks the spray falls rejected.

---

1. devia. 2. in next line. 3. consentire.

Digitized by Google

The Songs of our Fathers. (ii)

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love:
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.
Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer!
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.
The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again:
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

Felicia Hemans.

Digitized by Google

So let them ever resound: as often as that sound recurs
fount and grove shine with light.
Memory recalls and hallows the buried: (14)
love lingers charmed by magic force.
Our streams to repeat the praises of mighty men
they bid, while their water flows.
And *every*[1] valley can thrill the heart,
bearing witness to the glory of a noble deed.
Let your children learn them, while the flame sparkles,
when they have come together to the evening hearth,
when the harvest brings back the time of joyfulness,
when over the hills they follow the deer.
Perchance they will wander far from native land:
but those songs shall never *be forgotten*;[2]
they will be able to recall the minds which once they moved
to the abodes of the boy and the holy places of home.
The wood of native land shall whisper
again, when their country's songs sound.
They will think they hear the voices of a dear band
utter the strains they sang formerly.
Before their eyes will rise the heath-clad hill,
and places where *like*[3] the stag *they roved*.[4]
So let the songs be poured into your son's ears,
the songs which their fathers honoured.

---

1. nullus non. 2. mente cado. 3. more. 4. ferre pedes.

Digitized by Google

The Spacious Firmament.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Addison.

Digitized by Google

Lo! where the *void*[1] of heaven is outspread!
lo! what brightness shines from the blue *sky*![2]
lo! the tracts sparkling with wondrous light!
Think you not they celebrate their Maker?
You see the sun repeat his daily course:
does he not bear witness to the Creator's work?
Does he not teach, whatever lands he traverses,
that the hand which guides his course *is almighty*?[3]
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
the moon prepares *to repeat*[4] a like strain;
and as she rolls her course, the earth seems to hear,
while she sings and tells from what source she sprang.
Meanwhile all the planets that surround her,
all the stars that glow with light,
as they roll, bear witness to the same praise:
the same praise is wafted to either pole.
What if there be eternal silence in those kingdoms, (2)
while all the stars accomplish their courses,
if the lights sparkling around the dark earth
lack voice and sound to utter praise?
The human mind can hear the stars singing,
and a voice sounds full of praise and joyfulness.
And as they shine one song is poured from every side:
"It is God's hand which gave us *existence*."[5]

---

1. inania. 2. axis. 3. omnia posse. 4. continuare. 5. esse.

Digitized by Google

Now Nature hangs. (i)

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.
Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.
Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

Burns.

Digitized by Google

Nature restores green mantle to the wood :
the twig renews its leaves at Nature's bidding.
Where the meadow sprouts with grass
the earth smiles with white flower.
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams
and warms with his fire the blue sky.
While all things rejoice, he knows not joys
whom chains hold captive.
Now borne through the air on dewy wing,
the lark greets the dawn with voice.
Avoiding *noontide*[1] heat in woodland *bower*,[2]
the blackbird fills the grove with song. (4)
The thrush, pouring various notes from his throat,
kindly soothes departing day. (3)
Slavery does not oppress them nor care annoy them,
for whom their liberty, for whom their love glows.
Lilies adorn the banks;
the primrose raises its head along the copses.
Now the hawthorn buds in the vale, (1)
and the white thorn puts on its snows.
The lowest *hind*[3] of all the race of Scots
seeks these delights, none forbidding him.
But I, whom Scotia calls her queen,
spend my time, shut up in prison.

---

1. medius. 2. latebræ. 3. bubulcus.

Digitized by Google

Now Nature hangs. (ii)

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.
My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me!
Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Burns.

Digitized by Google

When Gallia obeyed my rule
the days passed happily for me. (3)
Returning day found me happy;
happy at night I sought my bed.
Now Scotland claims me as her queen:
O Scotland, what perfidy thou dost hold!
For the chains of a foreign monarch oppress me,
and care without end weighs me down.
But for thee, my son, may there illumine thy life
stars whiter than my stars!
and to thy reign may joys be granted
which the fates deny to me.
May God keep off thy mother's foes,
or turn hostile hearts to loyalty.
And as often as thy mother's friend meets thee,
let it profit[1] him to have kept my friendship.
But for me a captive, though Summer return,
let not the day shine with sun:
nor for me, when gentle Autumn brings breezes,
let the corn tremble in Autumn's breeze.
Rather for me, shut up in narrow house of death,
let Winter rage and threaten:
and when Spring brings back her flowers,
let Spring bid my grave shine with flower.

---

1. prosit.

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Jack Ratlin.

Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer;
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion; the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove:
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit;
Yet did he sigh—and all for love.
The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard:
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant-yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.
The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,—
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh, fate! her death defaced the letter;
Instant his pulse forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heaved a sigh—and died for love!

Dibdin.

Digitized by Google

Pălĭnūrus was once the most renowned of the sailors,
whether he steers or reefs the sails.
No danger he was unwilling to encounter,
his heart despising fear.
In fight he raged like a lion:
after the battle he was a lamb.
He had manners, courage, and desire of praise;
but love made him heave groans.
If joke or song resound, if wine sparkle,
not joke or song or wine please him.
While his messmates were carousing,
he sits alone and silent on the *yard*.[1]
Here he thinks upon the beauties which his Lydia has;
here he swears faith for ever.
Her alone while he lives he will love:
the end of his life will be the end of his love.
Lo, a messenger comes from native land,
and bids the sailors return home.
To thee too, Palinurus, is brought a letter; but alas!
not marked by the beloved hand,
for it tells the death and fate of the maiden.
As he reads, the *pulse*[2] can no longer *beat*:[3]
his lips quiver: his eyes are turned to heaven:
with a sigh he perishes, conquered by love.

---

1. antenna. 2. vena. 3. salire.

Digitized by Google

Horatius.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him," cried false Sextus,
With a smile in his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."
Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus,
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.
"O Tiber, father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."
So he spake, and speaking sheathed,
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
He plunged into the tide.

Macaulay.

Digitized by Google

Bold Horatius alone remained on the bridge:
nor is he pale; nor do his limbs tremble.
Before his eyes the enemies stood in thousands;
behind the river flowed furiously.
"Now, O Tuscans, hurl your darts," says Sextus,
as he speaks, a smile was on his face.
"Yield at length to numbers," says the king;
"so may my grace spare a brave man."
Fearlessly he turns his back;
nor cares to see those cowardly bands.
He does not retort the abuse of Sextus;
he does not throw himself before Porsenna's feet.
But he saw the top of Mount Palatinus,
where shone the white porch of his home.
And thus he addresses the river
which rolls its waters by the walls of Rome:
"O father Tiber, with thy sacred stream,
to whom the Romans pay their vows,
now is it thine to save a Roman life,
bear me and my arms on thy waters."
He spake: then he sheathed his sword
(the sword was red with Tuscan blood;)
and, just as he was, laden with armour,
with a bound plunged into the stream.

Digitized by Google

Higher, higher will we climb.

Higher, higher will we climb
  Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.
Deeper, deeper let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
  Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
Onward, onward may we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.
Closer, closer let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
  In the wildest weather;—
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

Montgomery.

Digitized by Google

Higher we will struggle *upwards*[1] with intrepid step,
where honour is to be sought on the mountain top,
that after death our names may live,
when our country reads her annals.
Happy he who conquers, happy he who falls,
if his country's safety sends him to arms.
It is a pleasure to ply our strength in those mines
where *knowledge*[2] conceals her wealth.
What Nature, what Learning will give to the seeker,
these rewards both boys and youths seek.
Hence we may obtain far more precious gold
than the diadem of a Persian king bears.
Onward let us make our way: to each his own duties
have been given, which compel us to follow *things further on.*[3]
Seek pleasure: virtue is true pleasure:
and true beauty it is to have earned praise.
Minds are born of celestial seed:
and it is lawful on earth to counterfeit the gods.
Closer let us join our breasts in firm bond:
let one chain bind hearts and hands.
Though the tempest rage with dire tumult,
joys are to be found at the hearth.
Ah! they wander wretched without law
who seek joys far from home.

---

1. in ardua. 2. Mathēsis. 3. ulteriora.

Digitized by Google

The Pilgrim Fathers.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—
Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang:
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd:—
Such was their welcome home.

Felicia Hemans.

Digitized by Google

The waves are dashed on the rocky shore;
the spray strikes the summit of the cliff.
The woods, while the heaven gathers storms,
move their giant arms.
Where the hills rise, where the waters spread,
one night covers the hills, one the sea.
Yet on that night, on the shore of a strange land,
a band, exiled from fatherland, moored their bark.
Not as the conqueror comes, triumphant in slaughter,
they come, a band firm with brave heart;
not for them do drums stir up battle;
not for them does the trumpet sing of gallant deeds:
nor yet do they approach the shore in fugitive fashion:
their voice is not silent for fear.
Songs shake the darkness of the forest,
such as tell of valour and joyfulness.
That sound overpowers the sound of the storm;
that sound reaches the stars, reaches the waters;
till the glades of the woods resound with songs,
such as free hearts sing.
Lo! from his nest, on the margin of the wave, the eagle
they see fly upwards towards the realms of heaven.
The pines, nodding with tall crest, give a roar:
the abode they sought gave them such *welcome*.[1]

---

1. hospitium.

Digitized by Google

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?
There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.
And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.
He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant.

Digitized by Google

Whither dost thou hasten, while earth is wet with dew,
while heaven glows as day departs,
through rosy tracts, across the space of æther,
whither dost thou hasten thy way which none accompanies?
Vainly the fowler, too eager for prey, with eye
tries to mark the path of thee flying,
while, black against the redness of the sky,
thou glidest, gently wafted on high.
Seekest thou the lake with plashing brink?
seekest thou the marge of river wide?
or where, on the shore of ocean ever chafed,
the wave repeats perpetual changes?
Forsooth along those tracts, with no sure path,
guided *by some*[1] *power*,[2] thou fliest.
Thus through deserts, through *illimitable*[3] air,
certain thou canst hold an uncertain way.
And soon that toil shall end:
rest awaits thee in a summer home.
Soon, where many a reed overshadows thy nest,
thy voice shall mingle sound with voice of fellows.
He who leads thee through the void of heaven,
he who teaches thee to fly in sure fashion,
while alone I place my footsteps in a long way,
he will ever direct my steps.

---

1. nescio quis. 2. numen. 3. fine carens.

Digitized by Google

When Time, who steals.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!
Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Moore.

Digitized by Google

The flying hour will have carried away all our pleasures,
the same hour which carries away our days;
yet memory, able to recall the past, will remain
to renew *half our joys*.[1]
When thou shalt see the flower of beauty wither,
when Winter's cruel breeze shall come, O Chloe,
the hour will return, the mind recalling it,
the hour that bore witness to thy beauty.
Do not then bewail coming gloom:
never shall our joys know a limit.
Hope shall tinge future years with light,
while past time shines through memory.
He drinks to thee who drinks to Love:
therefore, Chloe, fill the bowl.
If thy beauty wither, thy mind cannot wither:
in my judgment thou wilt always be a fair maiden.
And *as*[2] thou art wont with tender lip to drive it away,
if a moist drop stains my cheeks,
so hope will be able to remove the stains from the mind
with which grief could defile it.
Even as this bowl of wine is drained by us,
so love will bid our life to pass:
sometimes we must mingle tears with the wine;
but that which thou drinkest thence will always be
sweet.

---

1. say "halved joys." 2. quo more.

Digitized by Google

The snow, that crowns.

The snow, that crowns each mountain's brow,
And whitens every spray,
From each high rock and loaded bough
Will quickly melt away,
Soon as the sun's reviving ray
Shall warm the northern gale;
And Zephyrs mild their wing display
To wanton in the vale.
When Time upon thine aged brow
Shall shed the fatal shower;
The hoary frost, the chilling snow,
Will melt from thence no more.
Quick summer flies, and autumn's suns,
And winter's cheerless gloom;
In changeful turn each season runs,
And spring breathes new perfume.
Unchanged o'er us the tempest low'rs,
Till death's last hour arrives:
Nor robe, nor garland deck'd with flowers,
The bloom of life revives.
What youth on us but once bestows,
Age once shall snatch away:
But fame can stop the fatal blows,
And double life's short day.

W. Herbert.

Digitized by Google

Beneath the snow the mountain tops are white,
beneath the snow every twig is hidden.
Soon, however, it will vanish from loaded boughs:
soon the rock will stand stripped of its covering.
For a brighter sun will shine with reviving fire,
and Boreas shall lay aside threats, at his bidding.
Then Zephyr shall come with gentle wing,
and the valley shall be joyful in Zephyr's gale.
But thy forehead will grow white with changed colour,
when a day shall come sad with many a shower.
No hour shall bid those snows vanish:
that white frost always remains.
Soon Summer goes away: to it going Autumn
succeeds: stern Winter follows Autumn.
Thus the changeful year fulfils its course,
till Spring returns and brings back roses.
For us *the lowering sky*[1] remains the same,
till death's hour brings the end.
The beauty of life departs: to renew the beauty
neither robe nor flowery garlands are able.
Once only youth brings us its gifts,
gifts to be snatched away by old age.
But Fame can avert the fatal blows:
Fame can double life's short day.

---

1. inclementia cœli.

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The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
O man ordained to die?
Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death alas! is reaping thee.
Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem:
A mighty husband thou would'st seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.
Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design
In the last point of their short line.
Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, which must in autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!
Be prudent and the shore in prospect keep,
In a weak boat trust not the deep,
Placed beneath envy, above envying rise,
Pity great men, great things despise.

Cowley.

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Why heapest thou up riches? Either thou thyself will
leave (them),
or the wealth, which is heaped up, will desert you.
Why takest thou burdens likely to hurt a fugitive?
Sure death awaits thee, O man!
Why buildest thou halls, lofty with pride,
whom a narrow house under ground will press?
Thou sowest and plantest: another reaps the fruit:
for death reaps thee with cruel sickle.
Thou seemest to thyself diligent and wise,
able to add more the more thou hast;
yet, like a slave whom laws of master restrain,
not for thee but for thy lords that toil is spent.
As boys expect long times of youth,
so old men expect long times of old age.
And when they have all but reached the end of their travels
they accumulate more for other journeys.
The ant is wise who stores for hours of Winter
the wealth which Summer produces.
Such prudence would be vain for the grasshopper,
to whom the first cold brings death.
Do thou more wise coast along the shore,
nor in a fragile boat seek the deep sea.
Since thou art *below*[1] envy, be not envious:
whilst thou pitiest great (men) thou mayest despise
great things.

---

1. minor.

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It was the May.

It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight through the casement streamed,
And still, as it were yestermorn,
I dream the dream I dreamed.
I saw two forms from fairy land,
Along the moonbeam gently glide,
Until they halted, hand in hand,
My infant couch beside.
With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,
I heard their whispered voices breathe—
The one a crown of diamond wore,
The one a myrtle wreath;
"Twin brothers from the better clime,
A poet's spell hath lured to thee;
Say which shall, in the coming time,
Thy chosen fairy be?"
I stretched my hand, as if my grasp
Could snatch the toy from either brow;
And found a leaf within my clasp,
One leaf—as fragrant now!
If both in life may not be won,
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—
For he whose life deserves the one,
In death may gain the other.

Lytton.

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My *natal time*[1] returns with May;
the window caught the moon's ray.
Still before my eyes remains *the vision*[2] of sleep,
as if seen yesterday.
Two figures from celestial abode
advance: the moonlight makes their path.
And now with joined hands they seem to stand,
where my *boyish*[3] limbs lie on couch.
With smiles their faces shine: and into the ears of the boy as he lay
words sound uttered with gentle murmur.
The diadem of one gleams with gems;
the garland of the other was twined with myrtle.
"Lo! two brothers from a better land *sent forth*,[4]
the magic force of a poet bids approach you.
Say which you desire as genius and companion of life,
to aid thee in coming time."
With *baby*[5] hands I sought the crown of each:
thence I wished to pluck a gem, thence a leaf.
As I plucked, one leaf remained in my hand:
in that leaf its fragrance remains.
If it is not allowed to have both as companions,
let that gentler brother be mine.
He who living is worthy of the honour of the one,
by death can *gain*[6] the praise of the other.

---

1. pl. 2. imago. 3. gen. 4. profectus. 5. tener. 6. parare.

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What shall I do?

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall like beasts or common people die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great by being born are grown,
Their mother's labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie:
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on: what sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the bury'd man.
Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the Muse's Hannibal.
Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way;
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate;
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.

Cowley.

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What shall I do that my fame may survive,
that future ages may know my renown?
I shall fall like common people, like beasts,
unless my glory be writ by your hand.
Those born of great race their race makes great:
all the honour is due to their mothers.
If in this scale you place gold, in that fame,
fame flies higher, raised by weight of gold.
Such men Fortune produces as sparkling gems
whose brightness is from their own light and fire.
If I demand such gifts of Fortune,
let the flint *strike*[1] a flame out of itself.
But I must *advance*:[2] what sound is't strikes my ear?
Surely that sound comes from Fame's trumpet.
That sound can raise the buried
and counterfeit the last trumpet.
Alps impede my course: a second Hannibal,
I will make my way, the Muse aiding me.
Go, ye pleasures, go, ye vain bands,
that wish to *ensnare*[3] me with roses!
Go, zeal for power, and desire of gain,
and all which fate can subdue!
Go, too, sweet love, king of my life,
prevent not by your art praise which comes.

---

1. suscitare. 2. pergere. 3. illaqueare.

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O Stream.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.
In garden plots the children play,
The fields the labourers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.
O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.
Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.
O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?
A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
And be above us still.

Clough.

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Rivulet, with downward course thou seekest the sea:
on either side the bank is green with moss.
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
the tree stands clothed with spring leaves.
In gardens the children play: (1)
the fields the labourers till. (17)
On either hand[1] stand *houses*;[2]
and thou makest thy way without end.
Thus life descends to death;
we see it go in unceasing course.
We behold fathers wither, we behold friends,
and those who are young, and those whom old-age presses.
Something great we meditate in silent breast:
our hearts *varying*[3] love fills.
Labour brings gain: learning enriches him who seeks:
still downwards thou rollest thy waters. (7)
But thou, O sea, inevitable by all,
whom we ever seek by various ways,
we all seek thee. What thou art we cannot know:
thou *escapest*[4] our sight with hidden waters.
We seem to hear a roar on thy shore,
while we fulfil our ordered course. (8)
Scarce we dare to hope there will be a sun
to shed light from above, as before.

---

1. hinc illinc. 2. tecta domorum. 3. unus et alter. 4. fallere.

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How happy is he.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.
Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.
Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Wotton.

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Happy indeed for him are the beginnings of life,
who does not as a slave perform another's tasks;
whose armour is a mind conscious of right,
whose greatest art is to speak true things.
Over him his *passion*[1] cannot exercise sway:
with unmoved face he looks forward to death.
Free, he does not depend on the judgment of a friend,
nor cares what public fame *may say*.[2]
He envies none, if fortune has raised him,
or a hand stained with crime has made him great.
He knows not how praise gives deepest wounds:
he prefers *honour*,[3] putting aside *expediency*.[4]
His life is free from rumours:
strong in his own mind, he fears no dangers.
False friends do not make gain of him:
if he falls, no one will thence be greater.
At morn and at night he prays
that God may give him things better than riches.
Whether book or friend beguiles his ease,
the day passes unstained by harm.
Such a one servile chains do not constrain:
he is without hope or fear of a changed lot.
He keeps the empire of himself, not acres of land:
though all things be wanting, all things he has always.

---

1. libido. 2. crepare. 3. fides. 4. utilitas.

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Content I Live.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.
I joy not in no earthly blisse:
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.
I wish but what I have at will:
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

Sir Edward Dyer.

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I lead my life content with one solace:
I seek for myself what may suffice, not more.
I do not need to reign with proud sway:
if I lack aught, my mind can supply it.
This gives me a triumph in royal fashion:
that which my mind brings can satisfy me.
Plenty often brings *surfeit*[1] with it:
he falls quicker who seeks things too high.
And if anyone reaches *the top*[2] of prosperity
he is forced the more to fear changes.
For *to gain*[3] is labour: things gained bring fear:
such care my mind could never bear.
Earthly joys move not my breast:
I despise thy riches, O Crœsus.
Care, whatever it be, *troubles*[4] not me careless:
the laws of fortune move me not.
If love be strong, if beauty be bright,
such things cannot torture my mind.
What I have is enough: I wish for nothing more,
nor desirous of gain wander through many places.
The plain pleases me, nor climb I the lofty rocks:
and if the sea roars the shore keeps me safe,
whence it pleases me to laugh at men's vain labours,
while they seek things soon to be cast away.

---

1. fastidium, pl. 2. fastigium, pl. 3. quærere. 4. lacessere.

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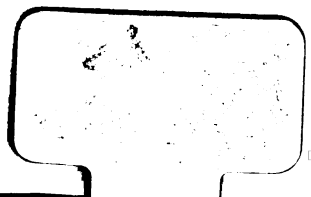
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